

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

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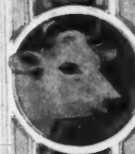
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The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, The American Humane Education Society, and The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners
and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—Cowper.



Vol. 46

Boston, November, 1913

No. 6

The Child and the Pony

By D. H. GEORGE



HAVE you noticed the natural affinity that exists between the child and the pony? Invariably it is a case of love at first sight. Give a pony to the lad or lassie and immediately a bond of affection is established between the two future playmates that will be severed only by death. Many a gray-haired broker, banker or business man revives with keen pleasure recollections of the wild dashes, the mad gallops that he enjoyed during his youth seated astride or behind a faithful Shetland or Welsh pony. No more striking example of the love of the human for the animal can be depicted than the friendship that exists between the youngster and his miniature horse.

History hardly can tell where or when the pony was first used. As early as 872 A. D. definite record shows the presence of the Shetland ponies on the Islands of that name. The Shetland is one of the oldest varieties of the equine race existent in the British Isles and can claim a longer and purer pedigree than any other breed. For centuries the animals were bred pure in their native habitat due to its isolation and the fact that no outside crosses could materially improve these staunch-hearted, strong-bodied little animals. As one authority puts it, "The Shetland is the smallest of ponies, ranging from thirty-six to forty-four inches in height and on account of his low stature and docile disposition is by far the best child's pony. His characteristics are strength, kind disposition, wonderfully good style and action, economy of maintenance and docility. A boy or girl can obtain more fun, physical development, and ruddy health to the square inch out of a Shetland pony than in any other way, and more real unalloyed happiness than he or she is apt to get out of a fortune in after life."

The Shetland at Home

In the land of their nativity the Shetlands are owned by crofters or small farmers who own one or two of the ponies per man. The ponies are identified by marks on their manes, hoofs or

tails and run together on commons and over the steep hillsides. It is but rarely that the animals are fed any grain and during periods of drought they often come down to the shore and feed on the seaweed. In a word the animals are natural rustlers that are developed purely on natural principles without being pampered in the least. Under such conditions is it any wonder that the little beasts are rugged and robust and the possessors of stamina and endurance?

The Shetland is really a type of small draft horse of blocky, rotund conformation showing heavy although in no respect coarse bone. The smallest ponies are about thirty-four inches high and weigh in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds. The present demand on the American markets is for a pony of increased size and weight. As a general rule ponies over four years of age should stand about forty-two inches in height. One breeder matured a perfectly formed pony that was only twenty inches high, but such abnormal animals are the exception. A forty-inch pony that weighs three hundred and fifty pounds is ordinarily popular with the trade.

Shetlands are variable in color ranging from bay and brown to black, gray, roan, chestnut and piebald. No breed of horses naturally supports so much hair as do the Shetlands. Ponies of this breed should exhibit strong, drafty shoulders, prominent, full breasts, short-coupled bodies of considerable depth, wide backs, straight top lines, plenty of spring of rib, high set tails, short, well-boned legs and dark hoofs that indicate fine bone.

Ideal Pets for Children

Shetlands have long been popular in America as pets for children. At present upwards of six thousand ponies have been registered in the American Shetland Pony Club. All told the number of these animals in the world is not exceptionally large, as there are not to exceed four thousand on the Shetland Islands.

Experts advise parents who purpose to purchase ponies for their children to buy the little animals as weanlings and to allow the ponies and the children to grow up together. The children should be taught to care for the little beasts as soon as they are old enough for this work and they should always be made to feel that they are

responsible for the welfare of the ponies. Rapidly the child learns to love the pony and the pony learns to care for the child as his master. The intimate association is beneficial to both. The child in riding and driving the pony not only derives beneficial exercise but he also develops presence of mind and learns to control his temper. Generally two-year-old ponies are mature enough to carry little children on their backs or to draw light carts.

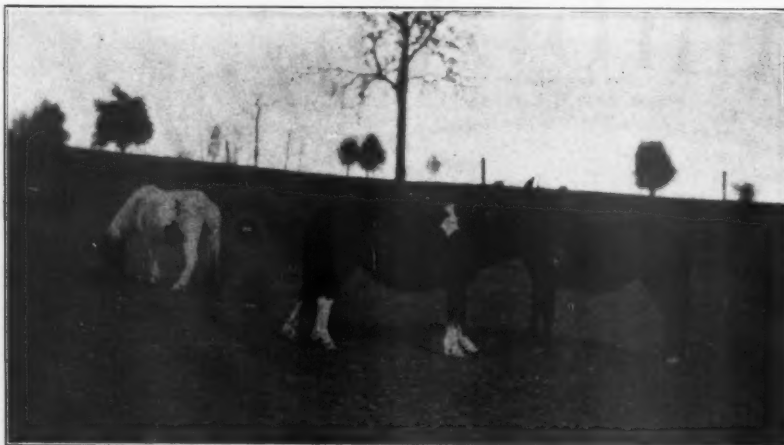
The gentle nature of the Shetland makes it a simple matter to break these animals to the saddle or harness. Often it is possible to take a pony that has not even been broken to the halter directly from the field and to hitch him up double with some old, experienced pony and to break the youngster to the harness in a few hours. It is quite as easy to introduce the pony to the mysteries of the saddle.

The Cost and Maintenance

The price of Shetlands is variable, dependent on size, breeding, quality and type. As a general rule weanlings command prices of \$65 and upwards. The average pony raiser adds about \$25 per year to this figure until the pony attains maturity. On this basis mature Shetlands sell for \$150 and over per animal.

Once the pony is purchased the cost of maintaining the animal is relatively insignificant. During the summer the animals prosper on pasturage without any supplementary grain, while during the winter months they thrive where they are fed timothy and clover or alfalfa hay in addition to a little oats and an occasional feed of corn during especially cold weather. Many owners agree that the cost per week of feeding their ponies the year around runs below thirty cents per animal.

In consequence of his docile disposition the Shetland pony rarely runs abreast of trouble. One hardly ever hears of a Shetland running away. Parents may freely entrust their little ones to the faithful pony. No better or more cautious nurse could be found. The pony in the main is a long-lived animal. Instances are on record where ponies have attained the age of thirty years and still have been useful. Twenty-year-old ponies that are still valuable under the harness or saddle are not uncommon.



A FRIENDLY SCRATCHING MATCH

The pony is superior in intelligence to the horse. This is probably due to the fact that in their native homes the Shetlands early were accustomed to take care of themselves. In consequence they developed all their faculties to a marked degree at tender ages. Due to their notable powers of prolificacy and fecundity these traits have been transmitted even through years of domestication. One prominent pony raiser offers the following excellent advice to his young friends in all sections of the country who are fortunate enough to own Shetlands: "The pony should never be beaten. A light tap with the whip or rein when the little beast is disinclined to go is all that should be practised. Where the pony behaves badly it is almost always the fault of the one who is driving or managing the animal. Kindness and patience will accomplish wonders in the case of the Shetland pony. Every child that owns a pony should read and re-read that fascinating story of horse life entitled 'Black Beauty.' This book will thoroughly introduce the child to the horse's side of the question. After the intelligent perusal of this book no normal child will abuse his or her pony."

Points about the Harness

In the case of the Shetland the harness must always fit the animal and it should be carefully adjusted. Often the pony suffers needless pain and discomfort just because his harness is not properly adjusted. The collar in particular should fit freely and yet snugly. It should be large enough so that one's hand may be easily run through it at the bottom when it is enclosing the pony's neck. It should be frequently washed with soap and water to keep it clean and smooth on the inside. The back saddle should be of adequate size and well-padded, while it should be kept tight enough so that it will not work about and irritate the back of the pony. The martingale should never be too tight as it will pull the girth too far forward and doubtless cause a harness gall. The breeching should be so adjusted that it is not too low nor yet so high that it will work up under the pony's tail. The bridle should fit easily and the bit should be comfortable. In the main it is unnecessary to use a checkrein with the Shetland, although many owners persist in harassing their toy horses with such needless restraints. The traces should be short and not overly slack as the pony will draw better if hitched closely to his load. The load that the pony has to haul should always be carefully balanced so that the shafts of the cart work loosely in the billets. This tends to take the extra strain off the animal's back and makes it easier for him to draw the load.

MEN AND HORSES

ELBERT HUBBARD in New York *American*



AN ATTACHE of the American Embassy in Berlin sends me a circular that is being distributed through the German army. A free translation of this circular is as follows:

"MEN AND HORSES:
In the army of the fatherland horses have always

played an important part. We owe a great debt to our horses for service, both in times of war and peace.

"And it is hoped that all good soldiers will see to it that the rights of our dumb brothers are respected.

"Our horses are entitled to food, water, bedding and shelter just exactly as a trooper is.

"But beyond this it must be remembered that a horse should not be insulted or distressed, either by cruel treatment or vehement language.

"To curse a horse is just as bad as to curse a man.

"Perhaps it is worse, since a man may strike back, but the horse is practically within our power.

"The courage of the horse comes from the courage of the rider. Alone he is timid and nervous. See to it that he is not needlessly alarmed.

"Although a horse cannot express himself, he has a high intelligence.

"Words of encouragement and affection are grateful to him; rough usage and hateful language distress and frighten him.

"It is, therefore, ordered that all swearing at horses be considered an offense.

"Vile language toward a horse shall be looked upon henceforth by officers exactly as if the unfit language were applied to a human being.

"Reproof and punishment must follow accordingly. OFFICIAL.

"Done at Potsdam, this 2d day of August, 1913."

My friend across the sea who sends me this circular writes me that it is generally believed that the document was written by the Emperor's own hand.

King William is a horseman, a farmer, and a stock raiser. Occasionally he visits farmers' clubs and joins in the discussions on terms of absolute equality with his neighbors.

In any event the circular has his indorsement

TO THE HORSE

By ALICE A. FOSTER

What would'st thou answer for thy need
If we would listen and take heed,
Silent horse?

What of the thoughtful man and sane,
Who loosens check and eases rein,
And never causes needless pain,
Contented horse?

What of the hand that only knows
The way to deal thee ugly blows,
And spoil thy temper toward thy foes,
Suffering horse?

What of the man of selfish mould
Who uses thee till thou art old,
Then sells thee for some paltry gold,
Pitiful horse?

What of the hand of gentle trend,
Which cares for thee until the end,
Regarding thee as faithful friend,
Grateful horse?

Will man e'er recognize the pace
That thou dost set for native grace?
(Proud spirit of a noble race,
Stately horse!)

How often we neglect thee quite,
Or give but payment that is slight
For service rendered! Is it right,
Patient horse?

To thee, majestic friend of man—
True servitor of God's own plan—
We owe a debt writ large to scan,
Worthy horse!

Come soon, O day of deep compassion—
Come, herald of a new-born fashion,
When Light Humane will clearly flash on
Our cherished horse!

and approval. In itself it is a trivial thing, simply a printed dodger on cheap paper that is being widely scattered among the cavalry, artillery and drivers of wagons.

But beyond all this it mirrors a world-wide sentiment, and that is that the source of life is one.

All life is divine.

The supreme energy, of which we are a part, takes many forms. Man is the highest manifestation of this energy.

This circular speaks of our "dumb brothers." This surely is a new view of life, and coming from the high source that it does, is worthy of more than a passing glance. Let it not be forgotten that the circular is not issued by a poet or a preacher, and it is not being distributed among women, children and sentimentalists.

It is going to men who are supposed to be rough, rude, crude, violent and destructive. For is not the primal purpose of an army to kill and destroy?

Here we find soldiers being cautioned not to "distress or frighten" dumb brutes. The purpose of the circular is all in the line of protection, conservation and love.

The Boy Scouts are being instructed along similar lines, but who would think of this coming from the world's chief war lord?

And these things being true, is the day so far distant when conscription will be for purposes of conservation, industry and the protection and promotion of the useful arts?

This circular issued to troopers mirrors the Zeitgeist. It is a symbol of the Spirit of the Times. The world is moving, and it is moving in the right direction when a mighty ruler of men uses his influence in behalf of our "dumb brothers."

Ten thousand different kinds of animals
eat ten thousand different kinds of food.
But they all drink water.

Crabs and Their Habits *by W. S. CHAPMAN*

MOST every boy or girl that lives near to, or has been on, a sea beach knows what a crab is, and many other children have seen pictures of crabs, so that they are familiar with their appearance. Very few, however, know much concerning the lives and habits

come the owner, but you make the slightest move and away the little race-horse goes. If given a minute's start you're a swift runner if you ever catch him.

Down South, where the seas are warm, all the way from South Carolina to Texas, is the home of another crab which is edible, *Menippe mercenaria*, or stonecrab, called, locally, rock-crab.

BLUE CRAB (*CALLINECTES SAPIDUS*)

of these queer creatures, or the office, or work, which they perform in the great salt seas.

Crabs are the scavengers of the oceans and eat the filth that otherwise would accumulate and render the water putrid so that pestilence would break out on the land destroying every living creature. But the faithful little workmen are busy day and night devouring everything offensive and filthy, so making it possible for you and me to live upon the earth.

Yet certain men catch these crabs and eat the bodies made out of this filth. Do you wonder that their livers get so dirty they have to take medicine to clean them? And then, too, how cruel to boil these poor little creatures alive, just for food, when God has provided such delicious and healthy articles as grains and fruit for our use!

Some crabs are edible, as the little blue crab familiar to all, but the majority of the many varieties escape the cruelty of man. Among these is a comical little fellow, so small that you could cover him with a teacup. He's the clown of the sea beaches that are clean and free from mud. All crabs do not eat filth. This little fellow catches and devours other little lives he finds in the sand, as fleas and hoppers.

If you ever chance upon a wide stretch of clean beach, at low tide, go out well towards low water mark and stand perfectly still. Examine the beach carefully. You may see some circular mounds of sand about two inches high and four across. Watch these closely. The sand may move slightly. Possibly you may see the mound moved bodily a quarter of an inch and crack open in the center. A little *Ocypoda acenaria*, or swift-footed sand-crab is underneath it and is reconnoitering. Soon two comical eyes, located at the end of two long eyestalks, will appear above the mound and examine the beach on all sides. If the coast seems clear from enemies, out will

These crabs are found from five inches to ten inches or more in diameter, and often over four inches thick. The main claws are enormous, relatively, to the body, as seen in the illustration. The original of this picture measured over nine inches in diameter. Only the big claws are eaten, and are considered a great delicacy. The two large claws are twisted off the poor creature and then the crab is dropped back into the sea. In a few weeks new claws have grown and if he is again caught they are torn off. Some places these crabs are kept in pens and fed, the claws being broken off as needed.

At Pass-a-Grille, a picnic and bathing resort near St. Petersburg, Florida, a specialty is made of stonecrab dinners, and thousands of winter tourists go there to eat them, carrying away the claws as mementos.

TWO PRAYERS

By ALICE JEAN CLEATOR

In the room's silence with loud voice he prayed,

His eyes uplifted as to heavenly things,
"Accept ten thousand thanks, O gracious Lord,
For life and all it brings!"

Yet even then in the dim morning's hush
In frosty deeps, in glens and woodland gaps,
Stretched in a line for unsuspecting feet
His fifty steel-toothed traps!

"I thank thee, Lord, for life," another prayed,
So glad with conscious strength that he
was stirred

With deeper reverence for every life—
Mankind and beast and bird!

Which prayer passed through the shining
gates of gold?

I cannot say. Yet I believe the plea
Of him who mercy gives as he receives
God hears most lovingly!

SURGEON TO A TIGER

When one of the tigers in the zoological gardens, Dublin, was threatened with gangrene in its paw, the Rev. Samuel Haughton, M. D., undertook to perform the dangerous experiment of operating on the animal.

It was indeed a thrilling experience, as related in the *Westminster Gazette*. The mate of the tiger was first secured in a side den. A net, devised by Professor Haughton, was thrown over the tiger, and he was drawn forward to the door of the cage. Four stout keepers then held the feet of the struggling animal, while Professor Haughton cut away the diseased claw.

The suffering beast furiously but vainly tried to get at him during the operation, but the rage of the tigress looking on through the bars of the side den was much more terrible to behold. She roared, and violently flung herself against the barriers in her mad desire to go to the rescue of her mate.

When the tigress was admitted to the cage after the wound of her mate had been dressed, she turned up the paw and examined it with touching solicitude, and then licked her mate, as a cat licks her kittens, to soothe him, purring softly the while.

But perhaps the most extraordinary part of the affair was the sequel. A week later Professor Haughton was again at the zoo to see how his patient was getting on. When the animal espied him, he began to purr like a cat, allowed him to examine the paw, and seemed pleased that he should do so. Indeed, for years afterward the tiger and tigress showed themselves most friendly and grateful to Professor Haughton.

STONECRAB (*MENIPPE MERCENARIA*)



NIP, A WATER SPANIEL

He is the fourteen-year-old pet of Gertrude Gesler of Bangor, Wisconsin

"WATER, WATER" NOT "EVERYWHERE"

By S. J. DOUGLASS

Opposite my window a cement basin—where a tree had stood, but not infringing on the walk—often filled in rains; and birds flocked to it as it dried, hoping for a continuous supply. I took the hint, and kept water in their small tub for drinking and bathing. The use of that privilege was almost continuous in scorching days; and the birds' childish glee when enjoying the luxury well offset any slight trouble.

A dog occasionally takes a good draught; and, more rarely, a cat; milk has generally forestalled it. But, welcome all!

William Black, the novelist, can give some verses pat to this subject. Ronald is addressing his little terrier:

"But, Harry, lad, ye're growin' auld;
Your days are gettin' fewer;
And maybe Heaven has made a fault
For such wee things as you are.
"And what strange kintra will that be?
And will they fill your coggies?
And whatna strange folk there will see
There's water for the doggies?
"Ae thing I brawly ken; it's this—
Ye may hae work or play there;
But, if your master once ye miss,
I'm bound ye winna stay there."

As a "coggie" is a little wooden dish, the connection with our thought is obvious.

FAMOUS DOG PASSES AWAY

Captain Wallace Foster of Indianapolis, Indiana, is mourning the death of the old family dog, Buster, known in pedigree as Beautiful Snow. The dog was a Pomeranian and had passed his fifteenth birthday.

The little animal achieved fame for his ability to recognize the return of the Sabbath day, a day Captain Foster set aside to give him his morning walk. It is said the dog could readily distinguish Sunday from other days, always demonstrating his joy over the return of that day.

He also was known for his patriotism, having been taught to wave an American flag. Captain Foster published an attractive post-card showing the dog posed with the flag. This picture appeared in *Our Dumb Animals* two years ago, and has since been shown as a lantern slide with stereopticon lectures where it attracts favorable attention.

TWO VIEWS OF BOISE, IDAHO

Humane Education Booth vs. Cruelties of the Bulldogging Exhibition

Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, who represents the American Humane Education Society in Boise, Idaho, had charge of a very attractive booth at the Fair held in connection with a carnival in that city last September. Artistic signs of blue lettering on a white background indicated the object. They read: "The American Humane Education Society has organized over 3,000,000 pupils in the public schools of the U. S. into Bands of Mercy"; "Slogan of Idaho Congress of Mothers—Bands of Mercy in every public school in Idaho"; and "Educating toward kindness is educating away from crime." The motto of the Society appeared on a large banner with star of blue on white, set off by Band of Mercy pennants, animal pictures, etc. The literature, especially copies of *Our Dumb Animals*, was eagerly received by a host of visitors, many of whom enrolled their names to show their interest in the cause.

During the Fair the attention of Mrs. Nichols was called to the atrocities in the "stampede" (an exhibition of steer-breaking, etc., then in progress in Boise), at which a steer's neck was broken, another steer so cruelly hurt that he had to be killed, and at least two of the human participants were injured so seriously as to be removed from the grounds.

One witness whom Mrs. Nichols interviewed declared: "I rode the plains in frontier days, and I say they have gone beyond all reason or sense, and this exhibition is a disgrace to the nation." Through the aid of the sheriff, the city health officer, and the president of the local humane society, Mrs. Nichols succeeded in lessening somewhat the cruelties of the last two days of what was, at best, a revolting exhibition. On Saturday Mrs. Nichols went to see for herself the reported cruelties, but writes that money could not hire her to repeat such an experience. She saw a goaded horse held and twisted by the nose with pinchers until it could be mounted. The rider was instantly thrown and carried from the track. In bulldogging, a frantic steer was overtaken, and in the hand to horn struggle which followed his great head was twisted entirely around, facing the tail. "May God help me to forget the agony in those great brown eyes," writes Mrs. Nichols. "Mad with pain he summoned his last bit of strength and ran his horn through the thigh of his tormentor, and another human was carried from the field on a stretcher."

How long will the United States continue to tolerate such relics of the Spanish bull-fight as the annual exhibitions at Boise, Cheyenne, and Pendleton (Oregon)?



TO FIDO

By WILL P. LOCKHART

You have no soul,
And yet, friend of my very soul, I read
An earnest purpose in your deep brown eyes;
The mirrored precepts of some mystic creed
Whose source too deep for human reason lies.

Yes, there's a sacred bond 'twixt you and me—
We both are atoms of the universal plan.
Your very nature speaks of God's decree
That you should ever be the friend of man.

You have no soul,
Yet should I wander far afield today,
Press on and on till darkness closed around,
Then lay me down 'mid nature's dark decay,
You'd make your bed beside me on the ground.

And should I quit the land that gave me birth
And roam afar, in want and misery,
A vagabond upon the face of earth,
You'd share the dole of charity with me.

You have no soul,
Yet lights agleam in Dives' banquet hall
Could not allure you from an outcast's side;

Were I a Lazarus you would heed my call
And lick my empty hands, well satisfied.
You'd share with me the odium of my fall—
Have I a single human friend so brave?
You'd follow me—supremest test of all—
Unto the end of all, a pauper's grave.

You have no soul,
But you've the light of instinct, given of One
Who from the voids of darkness spake the day;

Who poised this rolling sphere beneath the sun;
Who breathed a soul into the human clay.
And, so, my friend, as much as Adam's sons,
You are a part of God's mysterious plan—
I sometimes think He gave His soulless ones
The power to read the very soul of man.

WHY THE DOG IS SO LOVED

By RIGHT REV. ABBOT CHARLES, D.D.

I wonder if the readers of *Our Dumb Animals* ever heard of this tradition!

In our household the dog always had a welcome. We were all—particularly myself and father—fond of the St. Bernard. One day I asked father why most people cared so much for the dog. Whereupon he replied:

"Because the dog is man's oldest friend. When Adam was driven from paradise all creation rebelled against him. Standing outside the gates of that beautiful garden he raised his eyes and hands to heaven and cried, 'Oh! God, let me have at least one of my old pets.' Then he dropped his hands to his side. All at once he felt the warm breath of some beast against his arm, and looking down saw it was a dog! Since that time the dog has followed man all over the earth. He did not desert man after his fall and he never does desert his master no matter how poor or wretched.

"Now, my boy, that's why I love my dog."

DOG SENSE

By A. A. F.

The other day a small boy was playing with a dog, offering the animal a bone, but snatching it away repeatedly before it could be grasped. The fun for the boy continued for some time—until he chanced to turn aside for an instant, when, presto! up sprang the dog from behind, nipped off his playmate's cap and ran away with it.

The boy's anger rose. "Here, bring back that cap!" he cried, giving chase. The fun for the dog ceased shortly, as he was too good-natured to do as he had been done by, and he readily relinquished his prize.

The wit of the yellow dog provoked great mirth, and gave one a better sense of fair play.

Woodland Tales Around the Camp Fire

Being the second of a series of six articles of adventure in field and forest

Copyright, 1913, by F. G. Browne & Co.

By CLARENCE HAWKES

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WHEN old Ben told me one August day that we would go away into the great woods for a week's camping out, and that we would start within a day or two, my joy knew no bounds. This had long been a dream of delight which I had thought almost too good ever to come true, but here it was about to be realized.

The third day after the expedition had been proposed, we loaded our outfit into the express wagon, and father drove us to what was called the great woods. We arrived upon the outskirts of this wilderness, as it seemed to me, in the afternoon and at once set to work on our camp.

Ben soon had a bright fire going between three stones that he had arranged forming three sides of a square.

I opened a can of salmon and it was soon sending out a fine odor, as it sizzled in the frying pan.

"Seems as though I could eat it, frying pan and all," I said. Ben laughed. "That's the tonic of the woods," he said. "It beats any medicine that I ever heard of for a poor appetite."

After supper Ben cut two small hemlocks, and dragged them near the tent, and we set to work to strip them of all their small branches and needles.

When the bed was ready, we went outside and piled a lot of wood upon the camp fire and sat down by it, to enjoy a real camp-fire talk.

"What I enjoy about camping out," said Ben, "is the wonderful mysterious life all about us. The flowers, the trees, the grass, the birds, the squirrels and all the four-footed creatures. God made the trees to shelter man and to rustle their leaves above his head, and it is a pity that we have to cut down so many of them. Why, Harry, there is more wonder to me in an ant-hill, than there is in the whole city of New York. The Brooklyn bridge and the tall blocks, and the great churches are not nearly as hard for man to build, as it is for the ants to do some of the things that they do.

"There is music, too, in the woods. The glad trilling of birds, and the joyous chatter of squirrels. The long roll of the cock partridge, and the merry tattoo of the woodpecker. Then the wind and the waters are always talking and the leaves are telling secrets overhead.

"There is always a mystery, too, in the woods. Something to keep you guessing. Was that pitter-patter in the leaves a red squirrel, a chipmunk, or just a shy, sweet, little wood mouse? How quickly the ear learns to distinguish, the steady even trot of the fox, and the hop of the

rabbit, the rustle of a twig that denotes a bird, and the bending of the bough that tells you where a squirrel has just sprung.

"The signs, the sights and the sounds of the woods are among earth's sweetest secrets.

"Sometimes I think that I would like to be the wood nymph and have charge of all these furred and feathered creatures myself."

"Who is the wood nymph, Ben?" I asked.

"Oh, just a beautiful young lady who lives in the woods, and looks out for all the wild things and loves and pities them," replied Ben. "Did

if I had such a voice as you have got I would never let anyone hear me using it. It fairly sets my nerves on edge. Why don't you sing like this?" Wood Thrush swelled out his breast, and poured forth such a sweet song, that the poor squirrel saw at once that his voice was very harsh, and discordant.

"There," said the wood thrush, ending up with a fine trill, 'now I would keep quiet, if I were you.'

"Well, the wood thrush soon flew away, and the squirrel felt so ashamed that he didn't even squeak again that morning.

"Pretty soon, along came Blue Jay and he says to Mr. Red Squirrel, 'What a rusty old red coat you have got, Mr. Squirrel. If I was you I think I would visit the tailor and get a new suit, your old one is really quite dull. Why don't you have a suit like mine?' and Blue Jay flashed his bright blue uniform in the sunlight.

"Then Mr. Red Squirrel saw that he not only had no voice, but that his coat upon which he had prided himself, was quite dull compared with that of the blue jay.

"In those far off times Mr. Red Squirrel's tail was not the fine brush that it is now, but a smooth tail like that of the rat. So he really had nothing to be proud of.

"Well, Mr. Red Squirrel felt so bad about it that he finally went to the wood nymph.

"Dear Wood Nymph," he said, 'I am very sad. I have no fine voice like Wood Thrush, and I have no gay coat like Blue Jay, and they are all making fun of me.'

"I am sorry, Red Squirrel," said the wood nymph in such a sweet voice that Red Squirrel at once felt better. 'It is very impolite of them to put on airs about graces that I gave them. I shall have to speak to them about it. But you are really quite as pretty as they are in your way. Why, don't you see, Mr. Squirrel, you have four legs, and they haven't but two? You are much better off in that respect.'

"That is so," replied Red Squirrel rather proudly, and he gave a great jump just to show how nimble his legs were. 'If I only had a beautiful tail like a peacock I think I would be perfectly happy.'

"The peacock's tail would not do for you at all," said the wood nymph, 'but I will make yours over and it shall be your flag that you can wave defiantly at Wood Thrush and Blue Jay whenever they tell you you are not beautiful.'

"So Mr. Red Squirrel hopped upon the beautiful wood nymph's shoulder, and she covered his eyes with one hand, while with the other she worked upon his tail.

"How long will it take you?" asked the squirrel.

"See," replied the wood nymph, and she uncovered his eyes and Mr. Red Squirrel saw that he had the most wonderful bushy tail in the woods, that is, for his size.

"Then how he frisked about and chattered,



"MR. FOX DID NOT FINISH HIS REMARKS"

I ever tell you how 'twas the squirrel got his brush, Harry?"

"No," I exclaimed all excitement, "please tell me."

Ben filled his pipe, and lighted it with a coal from our camp fire and then began: "Well, it was this way. One morning the squirrel was sitting upon a limb, chattering away for dear life, he was having the finest time in the world. Nuts were thick as spatter on the tree and the sun was shining brightly, and the squirrel was so glad that he didn't know what to do about it, so he just frisked and chattered. By and by, along came the wood thrush. 'Hold on, Mr. Scatterbrains,' cried the wood thrush, 'I wonder if you know what a noise you are making? Why,

Clarence Hawkes is the author of sixteen animal story books, all written from the animals' standpoint. Among them are "Shaggycoat," "The Trail to the Woods," "Little Foresters," etc. The story here is from his forthcoming book, "The Boy Woodcrafter," and is published by special arrangement with F. G. Browne & Co., Chicago.

and all the time he kept his tail twitching and waving so all the wood folks might see how gay he had become. He was so delighted with his new tail that he did not even stop to thank the wood nymph, but ran away to show it to Wood Thrush, and to Blue Jay.

"When the poor chipmunk saw what the wood nymph had done for Red Squirrel, he was much dissatisfied with his own smooth tail, so he, too, went to the wood nymph.

"Dear Wood Nymph," cried chippy, 'my tail is very homely, won't you please fix it like Red Squirrel's?'

"So the kind wood nymph covered chippy's eyes with her hand while she made his tail more fluffy and beautiful.

"It isn't nearly as large as Red Squirrel's," said chippy when she had finished.

"Why, you are not half as large as Red Squirrel yourself," replied the wood nymph laughing. 'I guess it is large enough for your size.'

"But chippy was not satisfied, so the wood nymph finally painted his sides with several bright stripes, and that is how he became little Striped Sides."

"There is another pretty good story," continued Ben. "It is about how the skunk got his scent. I presume people have often wondered.

"One day, years and years ago, a skunk sat down under a juniper bush to think, and he quite naturally got to thinking about himself.

"What a poor stupid old thing I am," he said. 'I am the most defenseless of all the forest folks. I cannot run away from my enemies like the rabbit, because my legs are short. I cannot bite like the woodchuck because my teeth are not so sharp. I cannot go into my shell like the turtle when I am threatened because I have no shell. I have no nimble wits like the fox. If something is not done my kind will be exterminated.'

"When the kind wood nymph saw the skunk's sorrowful face, she was troubled, for it saddens her to see any of her creatures grieve.

"She pondered long and deeply upon the subject, and then a bright smile overspread her face. When the skunk saw the smile, he was glad because he knew that the good wood nymph had thought of something fine for him.

"Mr. Skunk," said the wood nymph in her sweetest tones, 'I am most sorry that you were left so defenseless, and I have thought of a plan. I will give you this wonderful smelling bottle, and whenever any of your enemies trouble you, just take out the cork.'

"Mr. Skunk took the magic bottle, and hurried away, eager to try it upon some one of his enemies.

"He did not have to wait long, for soon Mr. Red Fox came creeping by.

"Ah, here is a snap," he said. 'My breakfast already cooked. I do believe that the skunk is the stupidest animal in—'

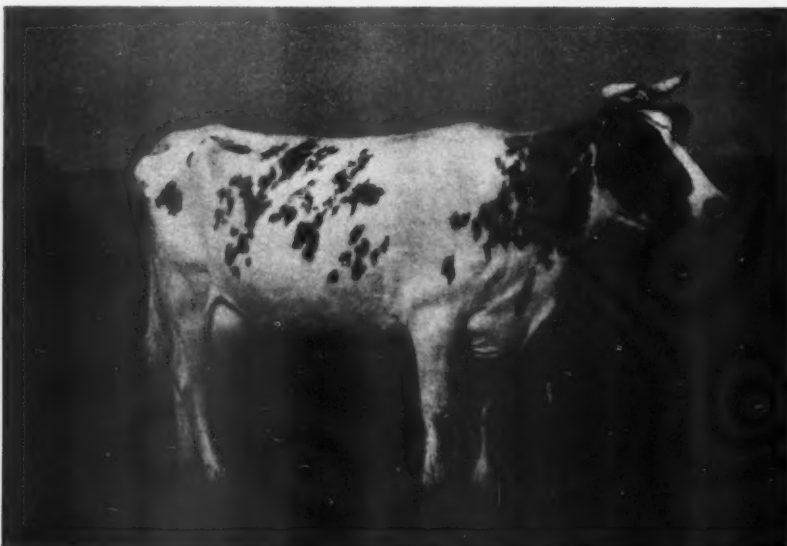
"But Mr. Fox did not finish his remarks for just at that point, when the fox was about to jump, Mr. Skunk took out the stopper from his magic bottle.

"Mr. Red Fox turned a double summersault in his haste to leave that part of the woods, and he ran away yelping, and pawing at his eyes and nose.

"To this very day Mr. Red Fox always takes off his hat when he meets a skunk, as do all the other animals in the woods.

"Camp fire is getting low, Harry, I guess we had better turn in."

We scrambled into the tent, like two boys, and threw ourselves upon the luxuriant bed of hemlock. Ben drew the outside blanket over us and tucked it in and in fewer minutes than it takes to tell it, I myself was standing before the wood nymph asking that I might be equipped with wings like the eagle.



IN THE PASTURE

SHOOTING WITHOUT A GUN

Under the above title a leading editorial appeared recently in *Forest and Stream*, from which we are glad to republish the following:

All the skill of woodcraft that goes to the making of the successful hunter with the gun must be possessed by him who hunts his game with the camera.

His must be the stealthy, panther-like tread that breaks no twig nor rustles the fallen leaves. His the eye that reads at a glance the signs that to the ordinary sight are a blank or at most are an untranslatable enigma. His a patience that counts time as nothing when measured with the object sought.

When by the use and practice of these he has drawn within a closer range of his timid game than his brother of the gun need attain, he pulls trigger of a weapon that destroys not, but preserves its unharmed quarry in the very counterfeit of life and motion.

The wild world is not made the poorer by one life for his shot, nor nature's peace disturbed, nor her nicely adjusted balance jarred.

He bears home his game, wearing still its pretty ways of life in the midst of its loved surroundings, the swaying hemlock bough where the grouse perched, the bending ferns about the deer's couch, the dew-beaded sedges where the woodcock skulks in the shadows of the alders, the lichened trunks and dim vistas of primeval woods, the sheen of voiceless waterfalls, the flash of sunlit waves that never break.

His trophies the moth may not assail. His game touches a finer sense than the palate possesses, satisfies a nobler appetite than the stomach's cravings, and furnishes forth a feast that, ever spread, ever invites and never palls upon the taste.

Moreover, this gentlest of sportsmen is hampered by no restrictions of close time, nor confronted by penalties of trespass. All seasons are open for his bloodless forays, all woods and waters free to his harmless weapon. Neither is he trammelled by any nice distinctions as to what may or may not be considered game.

Everything counts in his score. The eagle on his craggy perch, the highhole on his hollow tree are as legitimate game for him as the deer and grouse. All things beautiful and wild and picturesque are his, yet he kills them not, but makes them a living and enduring joy to himself and all who behold them.

LANG SYNE

By THOS. J. TAYLOR

The cows stand close by the pasture gate
Under the buttonwood tree,
And watch my coming while they wait,
Lowing impatiently.
The western sun is sinking low,
The summer eve draws nigh,
As homeward through the lane we go,
Daisy and Nid and I.

The busy insects' strident hum
Pales with the afternoon,
But in the brook quaint jug-gur-rum
Soundeth his weird bassoon.
The shadows deep the thickets stain,
Sweet warblers nestward fly,
As we meander down the lane,
Daisy and Nid and I.

Along the field where the grassy plumes
Shelter the mole's dark lair;
Beside the grove whose locust-blooms
Sweeten the drowsy air;
The cows lead on, the boy behind—
Familiar path we ply—
Till through the farmyard bars we wind,
Daisy and Nid and I.

Within the barn, to the stanchions tied,
Dreaming their bovine dreams,
The cows, content, stand side by side,
Yielding their milky streams.
The falling dusk makes soft appeal,
The whippoorwill makes cry,
Night's peaceful benison we feel,
Daisy and Nid and I.

The storms and stress of the flying years
Glance from the child's fresh soul,
The stings of pain, the April tears,
Faintly impress the scroll;
But happy hours bid fond review
How deep in time they lie,
And we were chums, and gladness knew,
Daisy and Nid and I.

Ah, many years have those bonny cows
Cropped in celestial grain,
And other cattle now may browse
Clover-tops in the lane;
But memory lingers o'er the charm
Of boyhood days long by,
When we so loved the dear old farm,
Daisy and Nid and I.

A TRAGEDY OF THE FOREST

By MATTHEW T. LONG



AS I walked through the woods one day, I witnessed a scene that filled me with emotion. It was the tragedy of a dying bird. Some thoughtless sportsman, perhaps, had shot it, though that is not certain; but it was a mother bird, dying.

She sat on a limb not far from the nest. The drooping wings, the swaying body, the fading eyes—these told of death. With the instincts of motherhood she resisted the gathering symptoms of dissolution. The birdlets in the nest felt her presence, and with distended necks and mouths wide open, chirped their call for food.

The mother heard, and the mother-instinct aroused her for a little. She struck at a passing insect, which she missed. In doing so, she lost her balance and fell, swinging below the limb with her head down. A still unopened leaf-bud caught her fading eye, and she struck at that, mistaking it no doubt for some kind of an insect.

One foot released its hold on the limb. She swayed and turned as if on a pivot just for a little, when the other relaxed. With a final, feeble chirp the innocent bird gave up her life, and went tumbling down to the ground. The youngsters in the nest heard the feeble call, and again set up their cry for food; but, alas, the mother was beyond all power to respond, perhaps even to hear. The body struck the ground, there was a little convulsive flutter, and then she lay still—dead. The life that God gave her was ended. Her immature young in the nest must suffer and die—starve, slowly starve to death. One of God's creatures, a cheery, twittering song-bird, whose warbling song had helped to liven the solitude, and to make life brighter all the day, had been wounded unto death.

She had made her way back to the home nest. With innate instinct she knew her doom and that of her young. With a heartache that was more intense than the pain of her broken body, she waited for the end. The suffering of her young was the source of her anguish. But the end was at hand. The record was made, the book was sealed; and with that indistinct and unexpressed and undefiled instinctive feeling of trust in the great Source of All Things, who has told us men that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice, she waited to die. She had no book from which to read God's promises, but her life had been in tune with the higher laws of her being. She had not spent her life in sin and wrong-doing; there was no remorse, nor fear of a judgment.

Still life was sweet to her. It was hard to give up and die, and leave her poor baby birdies to starve. She fought it off, and resisted it to the end; but, alas, the wound was too deep; her brain whirled and she went down, tumbling amid the branches to the ground—and her bird spirit took its flight.

What a shame that people who call themselves men will indulge in needless, wanton destruction of innocent creatures to whom God has given life with its emotions and pleasures! Would that men could be brought to see that gentle tenderness is an attribute of the higher manhood, that men could be made to realize the suffering and the heartache of the beings that they shoot to death for no other purpose but to divert for a moment their own heartless lives.

**Kill not—for pity's sake—and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way.**

The Wild Turkey *by* HARRIETTE WILBUR

THE wild turkey of North America, ranging from Mexico to Canada, is the original of the barn-yard turkey. When imported into Europe, after the discovery of America, it was mistakenly believed to have come from Turkey, whence the common name. The early explorers found the turkey in domestication among the Mexicans; it was carried to

Spain by Cortez in 1530, or to England by Cabot in 1524. It is said that the bird appeared on the table at the wedding banquet of Charles IX. of France, in 1570. History tells us that the Pilgrim fathers caught "a great store of wild turkeys" to serve at the first Thanksgiving feast ever held in this country.

white; at midwinter it commences to turn dark, and continues to change slightly until the bird is several years old. But after two generations of care and feeding by man, the flesh of the domestic bird is white and remains so.

Wild turkeys eat great quantities of vegetable food, and in the spring when the foliage is young and tender they live almost entirely upon herbs and buds. They are very fond of blue-grass and clover. Later in the season, their diet consists of insects, nuts, grains, and fruits. Acorns are a favorite food, and the birds will make long journeys in search of them. The young are fed on insects, particularly grasshoppers. After the gizzard has become tough enough to receive sand, they are fed fruits, grain, nuts, and seeds.

Audubon, in his famous work, "Birds of America," devoted the longest description in the book to the wild turkey; his plate illustrating the



"WHEN DOMESTICATED, THE TURKEY CHANGES SLIGHTLY"

The Pilgrims were familiar with the bird before coming to America, as they had probably eaten it in England at some Christmas feast.

The bird belongs to the fowl family, and so is related to the barn-yard hen, the guinea-fowl, the peacock, and the pheasant. The farmer with his plow, and the sportsman with his gun, have about exterminated the bird, just as they have the buffalo. Wild turkeys are now found only in mountains or swamps far from civilization, though they formerly ranged the entire eastern, central and southern sections of states.

When domesticated, the turkey changes slightly in form, coloring, and habits. After the first or second generation, the legs become shorter, the body thicker, the wattles larger, the tips of the wing and tail feathers become white. The wild turkey roosts high in the trees; after the second or third generation of domestication he commences to roost lower and lower down, and the tenth generation is content with a stump or a log. The wild bird is naturally suspicious, and even after a few generations of barn-yard life, the hen-turkey will try to cover her eggs, when leaving them, just as the wild hen-bird does. The flesh of the young wild turkey is

chapter is most rare, not being found in all the sets. He thus describes the actions of the birds when they are on a journey: "When they come to a river, they betake themselves to the highest eminence and there remain often for a day or two. At length, when the weather appears settled and all around is quiet, the whole party mounts to the tops of the highest trees, whence, at a signal, the flock takes flight to the opposite shore. The old and fat birds easily get over, but the less robust often fall into the water, but by bringing their wings close to the body and spreading out the tail and neck, they finally paddle to the shore."

Benjamin Franklin wrote a humorous article making a plea for the turkey as the national bird. He said that the turkey is a more respectable bird and a true native of America, and that it is especially fitted for the position because it would not hesitate to attack a British soldier who should invade its grounds with a red coat on.

International protection for migratory birds will be the next step. The time is coming when the whole world will recognize the living birds as friends of priceless value.

Our Dumb Animals

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President,
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

Boston, November, 1913

FOR TERMS see last pages, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles, with or without credit, except when copyrighted.

MANUSCRIPTS of prose and verse relating to animals are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 45 Milk Street, Boston.

A WAY TO HELP

We are having some very attractive little badges made that bear the words in white on a blue background, "Angell Animals' Hospital." We want hundreds of thousands of these distributed over the United States wherever Mr. Angell's work and the Band of Mercy idea are known. They will appeal to children and children could dispose of them with little effort, giving them away in return for any contribution for the Hospital from five cents upward.

It will be a rare opportunity for members of Bands of Mercy to help build this splendid memorial to the man who started this movement in America, and who more than any other began and inspired the work of humane education.

There are hundreds of our friends throughout the land who could interest the children and young people of their community in this undertaking, look out for the distribution of the badges to those who would dispose of them, receive the money and remit it to us. Won't you, dear reader, help us in this way? Write us how many you think you could use and we will send them. You will incur no financial obligation as you may return any not used. This service will be deeply appreciated and your name recorded in the memorial hall of the new building, now in process of construction, among those who have made it possible. F.H.R.

INVITING THE BIRDS

It is not too early to begin to prepare for attracting the birds about our homes this winter. Almost any form of a feeding table placed high enough from the ground will answer. Even a place in the yard where food is regularly scattered will bring them. Sometimes this feeding place may be on a piazza where the birds can be seen through a window. Hang a piece of suet in a tree near the house. Tie a meat bone where it can be reached. To many it is a constant delight, day after day, to watch these little visitors come and go. If you have never given yourself this pleasure now is the very time to begin. F.H.R.

EVEN TO THE LEAST

Victor Hugo says of that bishop whom all readers of "Les Misérables" will never forget, "He sprained his ankle once trying to avoid stepping on an ant." He belonged to the order of those who would not "needlessly set foot upon a worm." This attitude toward life, even when we meet it in its lowliest forms, can be cultivated in children if parents start early enough. If there are harmful creatures whose meaning we cannot understand and which must be destroyed, let the destruction be without unnecessary suffering and never in the spirit of cruelty. F.H.R.

Ground Broken for Animals' Hospital

Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Starts Work on the Memorial to Mr. Angell

THE following is a stenographic report (in part) of the exercises held in connection with breaking ground for the Angell Memorial Animals' Hospital, at Longwood Avenue, Boston, September 27, 1913.

DR. ROWLEY:—Forty-five years ago Mr. Angell founded the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. That day, after the meeting, Mr. Angell and Russell Sturgis, Jr. went down into Mr. Angell's office and, believing that their work was God's work, knelt down and committed it to Him, and asked His blessing upon it.

I would not want to see this work begun here today without seeking the blessing of Heaven, and I have asked my dear friend, the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Watson, if he will offer prayer.

DR. WATSON:—Father of Mercy, and God of all Comfort, Thine is the dominion, and the power, and the glory! Every beast of the forest is thine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. Yet thou hast shared thy dominion with man, creating him in thine own image and likeness; putting all things under his feet—all the sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fish of the seas.

As we accept our dominion, may we remember our obligation—to do justly, to love mercy and walk humbly before our God. Thou teachest us more than the beasts of the earth, and makest us wiser than the birds of the heavens. May we accept this obligation laid upon us by our nobler natures and our larger powers. May the very ground now opened by us be consecrated to the ministry of Pity. May the temple that rises here be the shrine of a holy compassion, where the pain of the dumb finds relief, and the pathetic sign of a distress that has no voice, be interpreted by a kindness that is at once a Law, a Science, and a Mercy. May we now sensibly feel the hovering spirit of thy servant, the founder of our Society, whose burning and tender passion for thy helpless creatures became the prophecy of that enlarging service opening so hopefully before us. Let thy work appear also unto us thy servants, and thy glory unto our children. Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us—Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it! Amen!

DR. ROWLEY:—Among the very best friends the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has had during the past three years has been our able, alert and sympathetic Mayor. More than once in our time of need he has come to our rescue, opening some door of opportunity that only his influence and his authority could open. So often has he done this, so kindly and graciously has been his service, that I have come to think of him as one of those friends who never fails you. I am grateful that he has consented to take a few minutes out of his busy life to honor us here today.

THE MAYOR:—Dr. Rowley, Ladies and Gentlemen: I consider it my duty to come out here this morning, and be present at these exercises, and to say a word of thanks to Dr. Rowley, and the Massachusetts Society for the service that they are doing not only to Boston but to the world in taking up this project, and erecting on this site a building that is going to be a monument to one of the greatest men that ever lived, Mr. Angell.

Boston, as you know, has many wonderful monuments. I think that if there is one thing more than another that the city has done to exemplify its humanity it is in these buildings that surround us now, and all over the city, their rise not beginning in this generation, but in former generations. This splendid Brigham Hospital, that has been given here, is the munificence of a poor man; the Arioeh Wentworth Institute over here, the munificence of a poor man; the Parkman Fund, a bequest of more than six million dollars, a whole fortune—just these few instances typify, I think, the spirit of this city, and how proud I am that there is going to be erected another institution not in behalf of human beings, but in behalf of dumb animals! There is no service that man can do that is more glorious in the sight of God than that service that goes out to those who cannot help themselves, and as Mayor of this city, I want to say how proud the city is of this splendid building, how proud we all are of him who founded this organization so many years ago, and I cannot repeat it too often; and how proud Boston is of the present leadership of the Massachusetts Society.

DR. ROWLEY:—Our Societies owe a very great debt to that group of fine men and women who have served on their Boards of Directors, but of inestimable value has been the fact that for years we have had at our command the patient, and kindly and gratuitous services of one of the most distinguished lawyers in New England, the Honorable Albert E. Pillsbury, who has been our counselor. I am glad Mr. Pillsbury has consented to say a word to us. Mr. Pillsbury, will you come to the platform?

THE MAYOR:—I am going to take the liberty to say that Mr. Pillsbury has not only shown himself the friend of all movements of this particular kind, but the friend of humanity generally. His voice always speaks out the heart of Boston.

MR. PILLSBURY:—Ladies and Gentlemen: Nobody connected with our Society is better able to say exactly the right word in exactly the right way on this or any similar occasion than the President, who had no need to call upon me to say anything, but I shall not refuse to respond to his call, for the purpose, if no more, of endorsing everything which the Mayor has said about him.

This occasion does not call for much oratory, because it speaks for itself, if properly understood, and if anybody here thinks that it is not an occasion of deep significance he does not understand it. I am not sure that the Mayor himself, and he is a very bright character, I am not sure that the Mayor himself appreciates just what the Society is undertaking to do for the City of Boston in this enterprise. There is but one hospital of this character on this scale in the world today, and for that the City of Philadelphia is indebted to the University of Pennsylvania, and when we have built this hospital, we shall have added to the merits and glories of the city over which my friend presides, a feature which will make it a center of interest of the entire world, and another object of pilgrimage.

It is designed to have a sentimental as well as a practical value, for it is to be a visible monument of that most remarkable man, that most unselfish and devoted man, whose work

(Continued on page 94)



Offices, 45 Milk Street, Boston
 Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868
 DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;
 HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;
 EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer;
 GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.
 Telephone (Complaints, Ambulance) Fort Hill 2640
 JAMES R. HATHAWAY, Chief Agent
FREE DISPENSARY
 73 Central Street, Boston
 Open daily except Sunday from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.
 F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S. D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.

MONTHLY REPORT

Animals examined	3796
Number of prosecutions	40
Number of convictions	35
Horses taken from work	148
Horses humanely killed	132
Animals treated at Free Dispensary	368
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals examined	23,659
Cattle, swine and sheep killed	38

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has received a bequest of \$4320, of which the interest only is to be used, from Mrs. Mehitable C. C. Wilson; \$800 from the Ashton estate; and gifts of \$175 from Miss Emily V. Lindsley, \$70 from Mrs. S. Parkman Blake, of which \$50 is for the Angell Memorial Building and \$20 for current expenses; and \$25 from Miss Ada F. Hughes. Our two Societies have been remembered in the will of Miss Harriet O. Cruft of Boston, to the extent of \$3000 each.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$382.25 from the estate of Elizabeth F. Noble; \$101.61, interest from trustees; \$100 from "a lover of animals" in Charleston, South Carolina, of which \$50 is for the Angell Memorial Building and \$50 for humane literature; \$94.60 from the estate of Catherine N. Scott of New Castle, Pennsylvania, and \$37.50 from Mrs. Rosalie Willson of Mason City, Iowa, for prize contest medals.

Boston, October 15, 1913.

The total number of horses watered at the summer stations of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. during the season of 1913 was 243,673.

ECONOMY JOINS HUMANITY

As our readers know we have long maintained, while pleading for the calf from a humane point of view, that unless the traffic in immature calves were curtailed both our meat and milk supply would be seriously reduced. The public is just awaking to this fact. A significant bill has recently been introduced in Congress which is an attempt to meet the situation from the economic side. If the interstate dealings in these poor creatures could be stopped, the greater part of the cruelty connected with the traffic in them would be stopped. The following is a copy of the bill known as H. R. 7969:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That no person, firm, or corporation shall offer for sale or ship or deliver for shipment, nor shall any common carrier nor the receiver, trustee, or lessee thereof receive for transportation or transport from one State or Territory or the District of Columbia into or through another State or Territory or the District of Columbia, any beef cattle designed for food or slaughter purposes that is under two years of age, or the carcass thereof of any beef cattle that was under two years of age at the time of its slaughter: *Provided,* That the Secretary of Agriculture may make rules and regulations permitting the interstate shipment of beef cattle under this age for the purpose of grazing and fattening.

Section 2. That any person, firm, or corporation or any common carrier or the receiver, trustee, or lessee thereof who shall violate any of the provisions of this Act shall, upon conviction, be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$50 nor more than \$100 for each live cattle or carcass offered for sale, shipment, shipped, or received for transportation or transport in violation of any of the provisions of this Act.

F.H.R.

TO BUYERS OF HORSES

In order to prevent fraud and deception in the sale of horses, the Boston Work-Horse Relief Association has made the following contract with certain leading dealers. They will sell a horse "worth the money" to any person recommended by it, and in case of any dispute arising from the sale, they will abide by its decision. The Association makes no charge for this service. Apply at office, 15 Beacon St.

Agents of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. have long been willing to cooperate in this same direction, examining horses, without charge, for prospective buyers, and so saving them from the unscrupulous dealer.

NEW FOUNTAINS FOR HORSES

The Twentieth Century Club of Detroit, Michigan, has recently decided to place fifty-eight Jenks Anti-Germ Individual Cup fountains at different points in the city of Detroit.

A beautiful, granite individual cup fountain, designed by Mr. John C. Clapp, Jr., of Boston, has been presented to the city of Dover, New Hampshire, by the Hon. Charles J. Morrill. The right to use individual cups was obtained from the H. F. Jenks Co., Pawtucket, R. I.

ITALY'S NEW LAW

The well-known humanitarian, Mr. L. T. Hawksley, of Rome, is quoted, with reference to recent legislation in that country, as saying: "The new law does not increase the protection of animals at all, except as regards vivisection, but rather diminishes it." Lameness has been excluded as a ground for prosecution, and an owner working a horse suffering from sores can only be punished if the sores are so bad as to render the animal totally unfit for work. This is a serious reduction of the power given societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. As to vivisection, henceforth a license will be necessary "for all persons who are not professors or demonstrators in a university or other scientific institution, or doctors or veterinarians employed in government offices and laboratories." Mr. Hawksley expresses the hope that the new measure will materially reduce the number of students experimenting without anaesthetics and largely for the sake of practice. F.H.R.

METHODS OF SLAUGHTERING

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has recently secured a series of seven remarkable photographs illustrating "Jewish and Gentile Methods of Slaughtering Our Food Animals," which, with a brief introduction and short comments by President Rowley, have been published in pamphlet form. The titles of the views are: "Jewish Method of Slaughter—Ready for the Knife," "Jewish Method of Slaughter—the Severed Throat," "Watching the Slaughter," "The Gentile Method for Swine, Most Calves and Sheep," "The Gentile Method—Bleeding to Death," "As a Lamb to the Slaughter," "For the Sake of a Veal Cutlet." The pamphlet, which is a powerful argument for humaner methods by both Jew and Gentile, will be sent to any address upon receipt of ten cents.

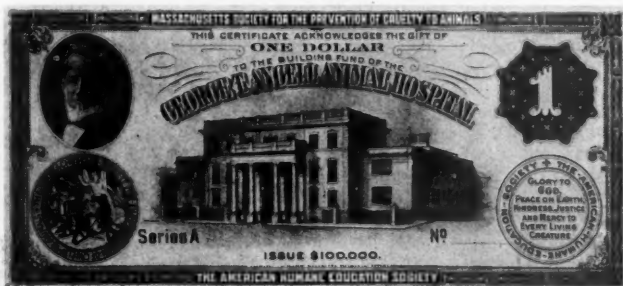
ANNOUNCEMENTS

As this issue of *Our Dumb Animals* goes to press just as the American Humane Association is meeting in Rochester, New York, any report of that convention is necessarily delayed until next month. President Francis H. Rowley was one of the platform speakers at the general public session, his subject being "Some of the Motives for Our Work." Secretary Guy Richardson presented a paper on "Cruel Methods of Trapping."

In a publication like *Our Dumb Animals*, to whose columns writers of every rank and station are continually contributing, there may occur some expression, as in one of Miss Phillips' articles, which, without the author's intending it, wounds the feelings of some of our readers. We naturally regret anything of the sort, and always mean to guard against it.

The certificate represented below is not unlike, in appearance and size, a handsome, new one dollar bill.

WILL YOU NOT SUBSCRIBE FOR ONE OR MORE OF THESE CERTIFICATES?



I herewith remit the sum of \$.....for.....
 Certificates, said amount to be used in the erection of the
 ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMALS' HOSPITAL.

Name.....

Address.....

Date.....

American Humane Education Society



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies and for prices of literature, see back pages. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of American Humane Education Society

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;
EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer;
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

Foreign Corresponding Representatives

Nicasia Zulaica C.	Chili
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder	Cuba
Mrs. Florence H. Suckling	England
Edward Fox Sainsbury	France
William B. Allison	Guatemala
Edward C. Butler	Mexico
Jerome Perinet	Switzerland
Mrs. Alice W. Manning	Turkey

"BLACK BEAUTY" IN GUATEMALA

In a letter to President Rowley, written August 25 last, from the Guatemala Mission, Guatemala, Central America, our corresponding representative, Mr. Wm. B. Allison, acknowledges a quantity of literature in Spanish, and writes:

"I am very glad to have this and we can make much use of it. I have just had a number of requests for copies of what you sent me. In our Girls' Boarding School the lessons are being taught to the girls. I have had the 'Horse's Prayer' put up in many stables, public and private, and am sure that it will have a fine influence.

"With your permission I would like to publish the 'Twelve Lessons' in our Spanish monthly. I am sure that they will do good to all readers and may be used by many in teaching in different schools.

"I enjoy reading *Our Dumb Animals*, and have already spoken publicly and privately of some of the things read therein. The copies of 'Black Beauty' have already been read by many. An Indian who travels all over Guatemala was in the other day and told me of the good he had received from reading this fine little book, and of the way he had told the story to others who could not read. There is great need for the dissemination of such books among these people, for there is so much cruelty here of every kind—one of the dire fruits of the bull-fight! We can make great use of this class of literature and will appreciate having an assignment as you feel able to forward it.

"I am in full sympathy with this great work and will do all in my power here to further this part of the Gospel."

If you claim to be a good citizen, if you regard the future welfare of your country, you must provide for the humane education of its children.

WHY?

Why treat the animal world below us with justice and compassion? Is there an obligation, a motive, commanding enough to move every right-thinking man and woman? That some are indifferent to the claims of our lowlier fellow-creatures and excuse themselves from any active part in humane work on the ground that they are not fond of animals, is not to be denied. But must one be a lover of animals to feel the compelling motive that urges to service in their behalf? Not a few of the most persistent workers in our cause have frankly admitted that as pets or companions animals make no appeal to them. A dog or a cat about the house adds nothing to their pleasure or comfort. To hear with gladness the whinny of some favorite horse, to feel a genuine outgoing of the heart toward bleating sheep and lowing cattle as one sees them in the pasture or cares for them—these are experiences they do not know. And yet any wrong to these defenseless creatures, any act of cruelty or injustice, rouses them to indignant and determined protest. Why? Because independently of what many deem sentiment there is in the souls of these men and women a profound sense of duty, of the highest moral obligation to protect and defend everything that can suffer from the hand that would harm it.

Here is a principle that summons us all into the ranks of humane workers. It is not a question of feeling, of our attitude toward animals from the point of view of sentiment. It is whether, able to relieve suffering, prevent cruelty, defend the defenseless, we recognize this sacred obligation that is upon us as moral beings, and do these things, or shuffle out from under our responsibility by asserting that animals do not interest us.

We should regard it no excuse for refusing to be the friend of helpless children that we were not fond of children. Multitudes of men in misfortune may not be personally attractive to us, but does this in the slightest degree release us from such service as we can render them? What moved John Howard to give his life to reform the prisons of Europe? The consciousness that he owed it to his unfortunate fellow-men who were the victims of conditions that outraged his sense of justice. What made Lincoln the champion of the slave? The deep conviction of his soul that slavery was wrong.

If they that are strong ought to help the weak, if it is a divine and holy thing to bear another's burden, then all weakness, and all burdens that crush and torture sentient life, find it in what form we may, bid us with the voice of supreme authority do the thing that is right—our duty.

We are not kind simply because we are not cruel. We are only kind when at cost of time and thought, and money if we have it, we show the spirit of kindness in deeds that bless. Those are striking words of the great Teacher, "That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth his rain on the just and on the unjust." F.H.R.

"OUTLINES OF STUDY"

Our eight-page leaflet, "Outlines of Study in Humane Education," is proving very popular in States having compulsory teaching on this subject. Two thousand of these have been purchased by the school authorities of Detroit, Michigan, in order to supply each teacher in that city with a copy. It is expected that other cities and towns in Michigan will later adopt the leaflet. The Wyoming Humane Society (the State board of child and animal protection) ordered 1500 copies to be distributed among the teachers in the public schools of Wyoming.

Angell Memorial Hospital

"The Society has a great work before it; and it earnestly asks the aid and prayers of every man and woman who believes in God, and has sympathy for His suffering creatures."

GEORGE T. ANGELL'S
Appeal in the Boston papers,
April, 1868.

Ground for the new Angell Memorial Animals' Hospital was broken September 27, 1913.

We expect that within a year our two organizations, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Humane Education Society, will be permanently located on Longwood Avenue, Boston, and that the Animals' Hospital will be in operation. To repeat the words uttered by the Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury at the ceremony of breaking ground: "This is exactly the right monument for Mr. Angell. It will be carrying on, generation after generation, the work he began, and in which his whole heart was bound up."

The fact that we have broken ground and building operations will be steadily carried on, does not mean that our task is completed. Now, more than ever, we strenuously appeal to our friends and well-wishers for assistance. We need the means to pay for the construction of this building. Every contribution, no matter how small, will be welcome, and we believe that the people of Boston and our friends everywhere will heed our appeal and respond with that generosity that is characteristic of the friends and supporters of the humane cause.

We have issued a certificate of gift of which a reproduction appears in this issue of *Our Dumb Animals*. We send this certificate as a souvenir to everyone who contributes \$1.00 or as many of them as there are dollars remitted.

Many beneficent institutions have been erected by the generosity of public-spirited men and women. The Boston Public Library building is a striking example of the munificence of the people when stirred by philanthropic motives.

We claim that no cause is greater than the humane cause and with Abraham Lincoln we say: "The love of humanity is the foundation of all virtues."

Send a contribution to the Angell Memorial Animals' Hospital Fund and give at least your mite to one of the greatest constructive works that has ever been undertaken in Boston.

NATHANIEL T. KIDDER	} Executive Committee Angell Memorial
FRANCIS H. ROWLEY	
MRS. GEO. T. ANGELL	

OUR WORK COMMENDED

The International Peace Assembly, a memorial commemorating the centennial of peace among English-speaking peoples (1814-1914), met on Stag Island (the international boundary line at Corunna, Ontario, and Marysville, Michigan), on August 17 to 31, 1913. During its deliberations there was adopted and forwarded to the American Humane Education Society the following resolution:

Resolved: That we commend the American Humane Education Society for its campaign in securing laws providing for humane teachings in the schools and its financial support of workers in such cause. We believe that humane teachings in our schools will banish the war spirit and make for a purer and nobler citizenship.

GEORGE D. GRAY, President,
MARY McN. JOHNSTON, Secretary.

Humane Education and the Band of Mercy

By HUGO KRAUSE



BEFORE we can form any intelligent conception of humane education *per se* it is necessary to understand some of the fundamental ideas that underlie education in general.

To speak of humane education is really a redundancy because all education worthy the name

must in its very nature tend toward humaneness, *i. e.*, must fit men and women to become intelligent, sympathetic, and active factors in the world at large.

We know that the only approach to the awakened and growing consciousness of the child is by means of its special senses, and takes the form of *knowing, feeling, and doing.*

In acquiring and maintaining a simultaneous and symmetrical development of these three tendencies lies the success of all true teaching or drawing out of the child those latent powers which lift it to the plane of its physical, mental, and moral inheritance.

The early Greeks, in their limited way, either consciously or unconsciously, applied these principles in the education of their young, and, aided by a favorable climate, developed a race which, in many respects, we are still trying to emulate.

With the advent of inductive reasoning, however, and the large field of scientific explorations, it is unquestionably true that the emphasis has been placed upon the knowing to the neglect of the feeling and the doing. As a result we have developed more smart men than sympathetic and actively good men.

It is a singular fact that human beings, without exception, know right from wrong infinitely better than they are inclined to feel and to practise it, largely because their emotional and active inclinations have been permitted to atrophy from lack of use.

In these days, however, we find a decided awakening to the importance of so-called *heart-culture* and *manual training* to fit children for the active duties of good citizenship.

On every hand it is being recognized that it is far better to build the three sides of the educational pyramid simultaneously, rather than to complete one side before constructing the remainder. By the former method the structure may be completed even though miniature in form, while by the latter, one side very frequently exhausts the effort and the other side can be but partially built, with considerable lack of cohesion. It is better to build a small pyramid perfectly than a large one imperfectly.

Recognizing these defects in our educational system, the question arises how best to supply the ways and means of developing child sympathy and action. Bearing in mind the simple rule of progress from the known, to the unknown, from the simple to the complex, we turn to the child's immediate environment and find that it consists in a large measure of creatures with whom he has already a partial acquaintance and who are in many respects far more helpless than himself.

Under proper direction, the experimental desire of seeing how his pets act under different circumstances, which is entirely natural, but which under careless guidance may develop callousness, may be led into channels of humane-

ness or sympathy with a desire to act in accordance with the emotion manifested.

It is just here that humane education, so called, becomes an important factor in the training of the child.

By a judicious mingling with his pets; by caring for them; by observing their peculiarities of structure and of habit, the child gets to know these friends of man. His curiosity is aroused by this interaction with lives so different from his own. The curiosity leads to thought, and thought leads to sympathy, which in turn translates itself into acts of benevolence.

The experience of caring for and entering into an intelligent relationship with his four-footed friends gives the child a broader horizon or conception of life—it gives him a many-sided contact with life. The experience and habits of thought thus early acquired become a part of the child's nature, and tend ever afterward to express themselves in his

cational scheme. In addition the subject of humane education has been prejudiced by well-meaning but soft-minded people who regard it as a panacea, and who go to ridiculous extremes in advocating kindness to animals.

But we know that in most places humane education is not part of the school curriculum either in spirit or in fact, although in some schools it is present to a large degree without being especially included in the course of study.

Whatever the conditions may be, it is safe to assume that there are in every community a large number of children who grow up without the proper guidance and inspiration in matters pertaining to this important subject. For it should be remembered that guidance and inspiration are the essential requirements of teaching and that these may be exercised outside of school as well as inside of it.

Again it must be borne in mind that the Band of Mercy movement gives the children an initiative for self-government as well as an open air laboratory experience, which the school-room seldom affords. Where humane education is a part of the school-room study, however, the Band of Mercy becomes a delightful and practical supplement in Nature's great Out-of-Doors.

It has long been established that there is no royal road to learning, and it is equally true that there is more than one avenue of approach to the intelligence and character of the child. The head has countless facets that reflect and absorb the benign rays of education, while the human heart, like our Father's House, has many mansions that become ever more stately, expanding, and humanizing as they are approached over the pathways of truth.

Some of these pathways

are short and direct; others are long, secret, and circuitous. Some lie by way of the school, others by way of home training, and some by the way of accidental inspiration; but one of the safest, surest, and shortest pathways lies by way of the Band of Mercy, under the leadership of a competent director.

Such a director must not only know his subject matter but he must understand children and prepare for his meetings the same as a teacher. Resourcefulness and system are indispensable factors in all educational work that shall combine *knowing, feeling, and doing* to produce the best in child life.

And that child is the best, who has the best heart, the best character, the largest degree of charity and sympathy, and withholds from none of his fellow-creatures, whether human or dumb, the respect, privileges, and protection which he would claim for himself if he were in their place.

That is the educational pyramid we must seek to erect; that is the doctrine we must instill into the hearts and minds of our growing citizenship, for the best interests of the individual as well as the community.



"THE CHILD GETS TO KNOW THESE FRIENDS OF MAN"

dealings with men as well as with animals.

Thus we see that humane education is not a fad advocated by sentimental people, but is part and parcel of a natural, broad, and fundamental scheme of education that must be reckoned with in the development of the child. If these educational opportunities are lost it is extremely difficult to find an effective substitute for them, especially later in life.

But unless these natural impulses of the child, to become acquainted with other forms of life, are properly guided by a teacher or leader they may be productive of wrong habits of thought and action, which likewise tend to assert themselves throughout life. It is just here that the Band of Mercy movement becomes a great educational factor, if properly carried on.

Even where the subject of humane education is taught in schools as a part of the regular curriculum, it is seldom, if ever, taught with the same seriousness or thoroughness as other subjects, except by occasional teachers. The reason for that is found in the early statements of this article, *viz.*: feeling and doing are held secondary to knowing in our present-day edu-

Hugo Krause is a graduate of the Milwaukee State Normal School and Northwestern University Law School. For the last five years he has been secretary and superintendent of the Anti-Cruelty Society of Chicago.

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

NED BREWSTER'S BEAR HUNT, Chauncey J. Hawkins.

Few regions in all North America are now so rich in animal life as the wilds of New Brunswick. Boys in their teens who have ever tasted the joys of "camping out" will regard Ned Brewster's latest adventures in the "bear-country" with feelings little short of envy. But Ned, be it known, is a hunter of the latest modern type. His invasion of the homes and haunts of the sharp-eyed, fleet-footed children of the forest is not made for the purpose of killing, wounding and terrifying them, but for the pleasure of finding and studying them, making friends with them, and taking their pictures for others to see and admire. Ned and his party meet with many humorous and thrilling experiences and "capture" some fine specimens.

285 pp. \$1.20 net. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

THE THREE BEARS OF PORCUPINE RIDGE, Jean M. Thompson.

These short stories of how "Ring Neck, Leader of the Flying Wedge" kept his geese flock together and sounded his "honk, honk" loudest far up on the birds' highway; how "Unk-Wunk," the porcupine, clever joker though he was, met his match in "Red-Brush," the fox; and how "Nicodemus, King of Crow Colony," asserted dominion over his fretful mates, ought to be enough to tickle the fancy of every young reader. But there are many more chapters in similar vein.

It has been the author's aim to avoid extremely cruel situations, to "write humanely" whenever possible, and to give her animal stories a happy ending. The illustrations are by Charles Copeland, an animal artist of wide reputation.

320 pp. W. A. Wilde Company, Boston.



SHE WAS NOT MORE THAN FIFTY FEET AWAY. Page 135.

From "Ned Brewster's Bear Hunt," by Chauncey J. Hawkins. Little, Brown & Co.

MOTHER WEST WIND'S NEIGHBORS, Thornton W. Burgess.

It is a pleasure just to call the roll of the little forest and meadow people that figure in Mr. Burgess' animal stories. What child would not thrill with admiration over such compelling names as "Bobby Coon," "Jerry Muskrat," and "Billie Mink," not to mention "Hooty the Owl," "Digger the Badger" and a host of others to which somehow the names given fit equally well? A half dozen comical but expressive drawings are the work of George Kerr.

223 pp. \$1. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

THE ADVENTURES OF REDDY FOX, Thornton W. Burgess.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY CHUCK, Thornton W. Burgess.

These are the first two of the Bedtime Story-books, a series splendidly adapted to children from six to eleven, in which figure the characters in the Mother West Wind series, also by Mr. Burgess. These charming tales are delightfully illustrated by Harrison Cady.

Each, 120 pp. 50 cents net. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

BRUNO, Byrd Spilman Dewey.

THE BLESSED ISLE AND ITS HAPPY FAMILIES, Byrd Spilman Dewey.

"Bruno," half setter and half water-spaniel, is the hero of a charmingly told tale, with a picturesque setting in Florida, calculated to fascinate every child who is so fortunate as to make the dog's acquaintance.

"The Blessed Isle and Its Happy Families" also has a Southern setting, the *dramatis personae* being chiefly kittens and puppies whose capers and affections endear them to the reader.

116 and 211 pp. respectively. Gene Smith's Bookstore, West Palm Beach, Fla.

LADDIE, THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE, Lily F. Wesselhoeft.

Laddie is a collie dog with a heart full of affection and devotion for all his human friends. He lives up to his well-deserved title by protecting the children; guarding the poultry from hawks and crows, and making himself a most useful and respected member of the family circle and neighborhood.

The narrative should please the young folks. It has illustrations by Elizabeth R. Withington, and is bound in prettily decorated covers.

323 pp. \$1.20 net. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Veterinary Column

Question: Will you kindly recommend a mild cathartic for a cow? O. C.

Answer: Glauber's salts, two tablespoonfuls in the feed twice a day.

Question: My dog, an Airedale terrier, tackled an adder recently and was bitten on the nose. Is there anything I can do to aid in the healing of this injury? M. J. H.

Answer: The free application to the wound of aromatic spirits of ammonia is advised, to be followed by the application of moist clay or antiphlogistine.

Question: I have a four-year-old colt that shows lameness in the front legs. At intervals he goes apparently sound only to have the lameness return and last for several days. I am of the opinion this is rheumatism. Please advise. C. H. F.

Answer: Warm applications in the form of blankets wrung out in hot water and applied to the affected parts are beneficial. The following prescription has been used with good results:

Salicylate of soda 4½ oz.

Citrate of lithia 4 oz.

Water added to make 1 qt.

Mix 2 oz. with 2 oz. of water every four hours.

Question: When a Jersey cow has a soft swelling some eight inches in diameter at the top of the fore leg, what is the cause of this and what should be done? This cow spends the nights in summer near a brook where it seems damp in the evening. Would this cause the swelling? Is her milk healthful? Subscriber.

Answer: If this swelling such as you describe at the top of the fore leg was located in the region of the chest and was of recent occurrence, I would be inclined to believe that it was the result of an injury; but if it be of long duration involving the pectoral lymphatic glands I would suspect the cause as being of tubercular origin. I would recommend that you have this animal tested for tuberculosis immediately, and would not advise the use of the milk until the result of the test is known. If, on the other hand, the swelling is of recent occurrence and attended with heat, it would indicate the presence of pus, and surgical interference is necessary to produce recovery. Would recommend having animal examined and tested by reputable veterinarian.

Question: I have a mare, fourteen years old. Last April she went over her time of foaling and when they decided the colt was dead they employed a veterinary to remove it. It was of normal size and after it was taken away they found the decayed remains of another foal, as twins had been conceived. This mare has not been able to get up without help since, but walks about fairly well and eats pretty good. She stands up and walks around for several days and other times she will lie down several times in the day. A. J. P.

Answer: You should employ a competent veterinary as soon as possible. Your mare is suffering from chronic metropertitonitis, which is a chronic inflammation of the peritoneum. It is possible that septicemia may develop and death result. Strong antiseptic measures in the form of douches must be used at once if you wish to save her life. If this mare lies down and is unable to rise and develops a complete loss of appetite accompanied by hurried breathing and weakness, she should be humanely destroyed. Your douches should consist of 4% solution boracic acid in warm water, about two quarts for one douche. This should be employed at least twice a day.

Note: The Society's veterinarian will be glad to answer questions relative to the treatment of sick or injured animals. Replies will be published whenever practicable.

QUESTIONS TO ANSWER

By RAY I. HOPPMAN

Can you stand in the courts of conscience
And say to yourself "I did right,"
When for pleasure you shot at the bird on the wing,
And ceased the song of the blithe, feathered thing
As it fell to the earth in its flight?

Can you lay a just claim to mercy
And truthfully say "I'm humane,"
When you see the distress of a four-footed friend
And pass quickly by—unwilling to lend
The aid that will lessen its pain?

Can you boast of a tender compassion,
Yet go your indifferent way,
When you witness a horse with too heavy a load,
Urged on with curses, the whip and the goad
In the sweltering heat of the day?

Can you maintain it is justice,
To countenance all of the wrong
Inflicted on creatures of earth, air and sea
By thoughtless man's inhumanity,
And go on your way with a song?

OUR SUMMER BOARDERS

By J. P. LOWRY



ACCEPTING the open invitation of a large cigar box, tacked on the wall, long way up and down, and perforated with a hole as large as a half-dollar piece, Jenny Wren and her husband stopped with us this spring, and have delighted us with their domestic felicity all summer long. We even made a little perch just beneath their doorway, to which they took kindly, and where they would perch and sing their masterpieces of heavenly joy.

Alas, fatal mistake! The saucy English sparrows fooled around the neighborhood two months before they discovered that perch. Then a pair of them found it, and learned they could get their heads in the hole. Forthwith war ensued, and the bloodthirsty intruders dragged out the babies and dropped them on the ground, after a pitched battle with Jenny Wren and her husband, and amid the anguished tears of two children.

The babies were returned by me, under the watchful eyes of their parents, who immediately came back to the nest. The tragedy was repeated, and then the perch was torn away. The wrens went through the hole without it and with perfect ease, and the sparrows were checkmated. It took them two days to learn they could hang to that hole with their feet, just as the wrens did, and Jennie and her husband were again driven away.

In an almost human way the tiny pair seemed to appeal to me for protection. I then took a card and cut a hole in it about as large as a quarter, and this I tacked over the larger opening in the cigar box. Immediately as I came down from the ladder the waiting wrens reassumed possession of their domicile, and though the opening was rather small for them, they cheerfully put up with this inconvenience.

The sparrows returned, but gave up the job when they saw the new doorway. Thus was peace restored in the family of the dear little songsters, and an entire human family rejoiced with them. It was a battle of human wits against those plucky little "bootblacks" of the bird race—the English sparrows. Never have we had such bewitching little friends as Mr. and Mrs. Wren, with their friendly chatter and joyous, full-throated song, morning, noon and evening; the insect diet for their precious youngsters often being gathered at our very feet.



"BABY," MISS BOOTSIE, AND "BEAUTY"

With a firm belief in kindness in the treatment of animals, Bootsie Herd, a young girl, is succeeding in taming a savage young camel on a stock farm in Los Angeles, California. "Baby," as the camel is called, has already bitten a man so severely that an amputation of his arm was necessary, but under the influence of the petting of Miss Herd and the companionship of her gentle pony, "Beauty," the camel is gradually becoming less vicious. Miss Herd believes that he will eventually become perfectly docile, and follow her around as her pony now does.

SOME SAGACIOUS ANIMALS

By MARY M. BROWNSON

EAST POULTNEY, Vermont, can claim its share of sagacious animals, of which Arthur F. Landon, a rural free delivery carrier, is the happy owner. He has a long route to go over daily, for which he keeps two horses who do their part in performing Uncle Sam's work.

After delivering the mail every day, one of the horses performs a very unique stunt by himself. Mr. Landon drives up to the post office, then turns and goes in to arrange the mail for the next day. The horse turns around, sees his master go in, and knows that his share of the work is ended for that day. Slowly and in a very dignified way he walks up the street. It is really a sight to see him walking along, looking neither to right or left. Other teams meet and pass him on the road, autos rush by, but he pays no attention to anything. At the end of the street is the watering trough. He stops here, slakes his thirst in the cool sparkling water, and then turns the corner and walks down the street into the yard and then into the barn.

Diana, a Great Dane, is a very intelligent canine, belonging to this group. Once Mr. Landon's little two-year-old girl ran away from the house. Down the street the little feet hurried. The dog, who is a constant playmate and companion, missed the baby, ran after it and, reaching it, took the dress in her mouth, turned the baby gently around, and led it home.

A large goat is another member of this happy family. Diana and the goat make a splendid team hitched to a little wagon in which they draw the baby down the street. The goat with its long silky white hair and Diana with her lithe strong limbs, and the baby, make a very charming picture as they parade on the street.

The Band of Mercy

Founders of American Band of Mercy
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOS. TIMMINS

PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

We send without cost to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and address of the president:

Our Dumb Animals for one year; twenty leaflets; copy of "Songs of Happy Life"; and an imitation gold badge for the president. See last page for prices of Band of Mercy badges and supplies, and humane publications.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One hundred and thirty-five new Bands were organized in September, of which eighty-three were in Rhode Island, nineteen in Connecticut, and eighteen in Maine. The numerals show the number of Bands in each place:

Bands in Massachusetts

Dorchester: Monadnock.
Lancaster: Sholon Humane Society.
Westboro: Guilford S. Newcomb.
Winthrop: Lend-a-Hand.

Schools in Maine

Alma: Alma.
Bath: Pentecostal S. S., 3.
Damariscotta Mills: Damariscotta Mills.
New Harbor: New Harbor, 3.
Pemaquid Harbor: Pemaquid Harbor, 2.
South China: South China, 5.
Wiscasset: Woolwich; Wiscasset; Nequasset.

Schools in Rhode Island

Providence: Warren St., 4; Sisson St., 3; Harrison St. Special, 3; Vineyard St. Grammar, 11; Knight St. Primary, 20; Almy St., 4; Ring St., 5; Friendship St., 4; Niagara St. Primary, 4; Daniel Ave. Primary, 5.
Newport: Hazard Memorial High, 2; St. Mary's of the Isle, 9; St. Mary's Academy, 4; Potter, 5.

Schools in Connecticut

East Hartford: Second North, 8; Centre, 9; Hockanum, 2.

Marshallville, Georgia: Marshallville.
Leetonia, Ohio: North Side Public School, 4.
Duluth, Minn.: Jefferson School, 3; Emerson; Franklin.
Salem, Oregon: Presbyterian S. S.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 88,548.

Ground Broken for Animals' Hospital

(Continued from page 88)

has added much to the fame of the city, George Thorndike Angell. Mr. Angell had the eye of faith and he had the sanguine temperament, and he was a believer in himself and his work, but I doubt if Mr. Angell himself ever realized way back in the 60's, when he took up this work single-handed and alone, stigmatized universally as a crank, the work of calling to the public attention the idea, and it was then an almost startling idea—that the dumb animals have rights which we are bound to respect—I doubt if he thought that in the space of half a century or less, his work would extend around the world and that a noble hospital for the dumb animals would arise here in Boston to perpetuate his name and carry on and multiply a hundred fold the work of his hands.

This is exactly the right monument for Mr. Angell. He was a man of work and of works. A statue appeals to the eye and to the imagination, but it does nothing. This hospital will be at work every day of every year from generation to generation. It will be carrying on the work that George Thorndike Angell began, and in which his whole heart was bound up.

Let me add a single word, which I will address more particularly to the gentlemen of the press, because through them I hope to reach a larger public. In undertaking this enterprise, the Society is only the agent of the public. It has no fund adequate to it. Our means are inadequate to our regular work, which must be carried on and not be allowed to relax, hospital or no hospital. We must depend upon the public. We will do the work and you must furnish the means, and I have no doubt that this community will answer our appeal, for Boston never failed yet to respond to a call to give liberally to philanthropic enterprises.

DR. ROWLEY:—I am sorry that Mr. Henry C. Merwin, the President of the Boston Work Horse Relief Association cannot be here today. He is in Maine. I asked him to come to speak, and I regret his absence.

The history of the development of the spirit of humanity is the history of civilization. And yet the spirit of humanity reaches out beyond humanity itself. Its ideal is a compassion and a sympathy and a sense of justice as wide as the heart of God.

During the past fifty years its growth has been beyond what men might have dared dream. I know of no greater evidence of this than the fact that forty-two years after Henry Bergh, amid ridicule and reproach, founded the first Society in this country for the protection of animals, there was established in Columbia University a chair on the "Henry Bergh Foundation for the Promotion of Humane Education." Next to Mr. Bergh came George Thorndike Angell, the founder of the Society that undertakes the construction of this building, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. That was in 1868, forty-five years ago. Twenty years later, he organized the American Humane Education Society, whose work now literally girdles the globe.

One of the latest phases of humane work seems to be that which is taking shape in the form of hospitals for the care and treatment of sick and injured animals. This is true in England, and it is true in our own country.

The opening of our Free Dispensary two months ago has demonstrated the need of an institution like this. Every day from twenty to thirty people come to the Dispensary, bringing their animals for treatment, many of them so poor that they are unable to employ a veter-



ASLEEP IN THE SANCTUM

inarian, and they thank God, some of them, with tears in their eyes that there is a place where they can bring their pets and their horses for competent and skilful treatment.

While Mr. Angell was living money had been given for a building, a building that should furnish a home for our Societies, and Mr. Angell was anxious to have this building erected. After he had passed to his reward, it seemed fitting that the building should take the form of a hospital for animals that would most naturally perpetuate his work, and associate his name forever with that to which he gave his life.

We have then a three-fold purpose in the construction of this Angell Memorial Animals' Hospital:

First:—To provide a home for the two Societies Mr. Angell founded.

Second:—To furnish a Hospital where thousands of animals, sick and injured, may be treated through the years to come.

Third:—To erect a building which shall forever keep the name of George Thorndike Angell alive in the minds and thoughts of the people of this city and in the thoughts of the multitudes who shall come from near and far to visit it.

I said a little while ago that this work was begun in faith and in prayer. I am not ashamed to say in this presence that to this very hour it has been continued in faith and in prayer, faith not only in Him whose blessing we have sought, but faith, as Mr. Pillsbury has said, in the human heart, in the belief that the men and women of this state and other states will come to our support, and make it possible for us to finish what we here begin. It is in that faith that in a moment I hope to break this ground.

I do not forget, however, that many who have contributed toward this structure have gone their way, and their faces we shall see no more, men and women, and even little children, who looked forward to the building of this building. As I think of them, I think of Whittier's words,

"Others shall sing the song.
Others shall right the wrong—
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win."

DR. WATSON pronounced the benediction: "May the love of God be shed abroad in all our hearts by the Spirit of God which is given unto us; and may the Peace and Compassion of Christ abide with us evermore, Amen!"

LE CHAT NOIR

Half loving kindness, and half disdain,
Thou comest to my call, serenely suave,
With humming speech and gracious gesture grave,
In salutation courtly and urbane.
Yet must I humble me thy grace to gain,
For wiles may win thee, but no arts enslave.
And nowhere gladly thou abidest, save
Where naught disturbs the concord of thy reign.

Sphinx of my quiet hearth! who deign'st to dwell
Friend of my toil, companion of mine ease,
Thine is the lore of Ra and Rameses;
That men forget dost thou remember well,
Beholden still in blinking reveries,
With somber sea-green gaze inscrutable.

GRAHAM TOMSON.

DOGS AND CATS IN QUEENS' PALACES

Princess Mary has a great fondness for cats and has dozens of them about all the time. But when her mother, the queen, stumbled over a cat and nearly fell to the floor, she ordered the number lessened.

Queen Alexandra loves cats and dogs. Edward never went anywhere without Caesar, an Airedale terrier, even taking him to formal dinners where he sat at the king's feet and demanded a sample of every course served. He slept in the king's room at the foot of the bed, or anywhere else it pleased his sagacious canine majesty. He claims the same privilege now with the widowed queen.

Late pictures of Queen Maud of Norway are taken with her pet terrier in her royal arms. Wilhelmina of Holland and her idolized little daughter are photographed with their pet dogs.

GAVE LIFE FOR HER KITTENS

Mary, the mascot cat and champion rat killer of the American Steamship Line, is dead. She died, as she lived, on the Atlantic ocean, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

Hers was the death of a conscientious mother, for it was in trying to answer the plaintive mewing of her kittens that she was accidentally killed. This tragedy of the sea was reported on the arrival of the liner Philadelphia at Southampton.

Mary, the best of mothers, had made a home for her kittens in the storeroom, and was in the habit of visiting them by way of a hole in the saloon deck, through which passes a lift rope. On the night of the tragedy Mary was taking a stroll on deck when she heard the kittens mewing. She turned back, crept through the hole—the lift was working and in an instant the kittens were motherless.

For the rest of the voyage a steward was deputed to give the kittens a daily supply of milk until the liner reached Southampton.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

SPOT—A "FINE-STRUNG" CAT

By MRS. N. C. ALGER



MRS. WALTERS' bright cat, Spot, one day brought her four kittens, expecting, of course, she would be delighted with such a lively present. When the fiat went forth that, as there were cats enough about the house, these must be destroyed, Spot listened in respectful silence, but evidently understood, for as soon as her mistress left the room she took those kittens to a neighbor's barn where they were not discovered till well grown.

Spot already had two children at the house, and if any one troubled them, she would immediately punish the transgressors. One day a caller stepped on Bab's tail. Spot could not get a good chance to inflict punishment, so she went to the garden and perched on the gate-post, waiting patiently till the caller came. He had probably forgotten all about the kitten, but was reminded by some hard whacks from the avenging paw of Spot.

One cold day, Mrs. Walters put a large quantity of coal on the fire, and at five o'clock, resting on the sofa, fell asleep. She was slowly aroused by Spot's frantic and long-continued efforts to awaken her by pulling the collar of her dress, rubbing and lapping her face. At last she staggered to her feet, blind and dizzy, and groped her way to the outside door. Spot would not go out, but the fresh air revealed that the room was full of gas, the stove covers being warped. When sight partly returned—it was now ten o'clock—Mrs. Walters knew that her life had been saved by the faithful animal. Spot is ten years old, but age does not always bring as much wisdom to cats as Spot displays. No wonder a neighbor said, "Never did see such a fine-strung cat."

HELPING THE WOODPECKERS

By SIDNEY HELEBRANT

About June 15 we had a bad wind storm in which a number of trees got blown down. After the storm I went out to look around. When I came to a dead tree that had been blown down I heard some little woodpeckers, so I picked them up, set them on a branch of a willow that had been



broken, and took their picture. I then fixed an old pail up, put a top on it and left a hole for the old birds. I then nailed it to a tree that stood next to the one their nest was in. The next afternoon I went to look at them and the old birds had found them again. In a few days the birds could fly, and they all turned out all right.



A THANKSGIVING PARTY

By HELEN M. RICHARDSON

Thanksgiving day I had some friends
To dinner, five in all.
I spread my table in the yard;
My guests were very small.

Miss Chickadee quite early came,
Dressed all in black and gray.
A woodpecker flew to her side,
Red-capped, with neck-band gay.

Pert Mr. Nuthatch next arrived,
A gymnast of renown.
He could do stunts on any tree
With head or up, or down.

Miss Sparrow then came, smartly dressed
In pretty mottled brown;
And last of all a squirrel gray
From home in squirrel town.

When all my friends had found a place
At my Thanksgiving board,
They made a very charming sight,
And I could well afford

To give them all that they could eat,
For I knew in the spring
They'd be my unpaid foresters,
And gaily work and sing.

IN THE HEART OF THE WOODS

Such beautiful things in the heart of the woods!

Flowers, and ferns, and the soft, green moss!
Such love of the birds, in the solitudes,
Where the swift wings dance and the tree-tops toss;

Spaces of silence, swept with song

Which nobody hears but the God above;

Spaces where myriad creatures throng,
Sunning themselves in His guiding love.

Such safety and peace in the heart of the woods,
Far from the city's dust and din,

Where passion nor hate of man intrudes,

Nor fashion nor folly has entered in!

Deeper than hunter's trail hath gone

Glimmers the tarn where the wild deer drink;
And fearless and free comes the gentle fawn
To peep at herself o'er the grassy brink.

RECEIPTS BY THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.
FOR SEPTEMBER, 1913

General contributions for the Angell Memorial Building will be announced later.

Fines and witness fees, \$178.20.

Members and Donors

Miss Emily V. Lindsley, \$175; Mrs. John H. Storer for Angell Memorial Building, \$100; Dispensary bank, \$12.27; Miss Ethel V. Ward for horses' vacation, \$7; Edw. Fox Salsburg for Leonard fund, \$5.10; Mrs. S. J. Marshall, for horses' vacation, \$3.50; Farnum Cheshire Line Co., \$3; Mrs. A. R. Smith, \$3; L. W. Farmer, \$3; Mrs. M. J. Campbell, \$3; Mrs. E. H. Marsh, \$3; Miss I. M. Gebhard, \$1.25; J. E. Waterman, \$1.06; Mrs. H. C. Hall, \$0.75.

TEN DOLLARS EACH

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Total, \$770.93.

The American Humane Education Society, \$450.

Subscribers.

San Diego (California) Public Schools, \$25; Mrs. W. A. Anderson, \$24.06; Joseph C. Whipple, \$16.19; J. B. Foster, \$15; Quincy Humane Society, \$10; Manistee Co. Humane Society, \$8; Augusta Kennedy, \$7.68; Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, \$6.40; Mrs. W. K. Northup, \$5; Miss Clara L. Botsford, \$3.05; Eau Claire Co., \$2.80; Mrs. H. H. Folkman, \$2.50; Mrs. T. G. Stanton, \$2.50; H. C. Bucknath, \$2.50; Frederika Lamping, \$2.50; D. F. White, \$2.40; Master Clem Pratt, \$2; Mrs. George Boyd, \$2; Martha B. Banks, \$2; Miss C. W. Smith, \$2; W. A. Mackey, \$2; Review of Reviews, \$2; Eveline Chessman, \$2; Miss H. M. Smith, \$2; Pictou Gazette, \$1.86; Franklin Sq. Agency, \$1.50.

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All others, \$121.18.

Total, \$316.12.

Sales of publications and ambulance receipts, \$136.86.

Total, \$1852.11.

RECEIPTS BY THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY FOR SEPTEMBER, 1913

Estate of Mrs. Elizabeth F. Noble, \$456.38; a friend of the dumb, \$158.60; W. E. Keith, M. D., for the Angell Memorial, \$75; a co-worker, \$63.77; Wyoming Humane Society, \$15; Dr. Frank L. Poland, \$12; Mrs. C. E. Prentis, \$9.25; H. M. Sanders, \$5; Pauline L. Diver, \$5; Miss Pearl Meane, \$5; N. E. Anti-Vivisection Society, \$4; Mrs. W. K. Northup, \$3.90; Montclair (N. J.) Public Schools, \$3; Salem (Ohio) Humane Society, \$3; Mrs. R. M. Parker, \$2.10; L. Clay Kilby, \$2; Mrs. J. W. Wood, \$2; Mrs. Herbert Chandler, \$2; Miss Eleanor Briery, \$2; H. C. Bucknath, \$2; Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, \$1.86; F. W. Cameron, \$1.73; San Anselmo, \$1.50; Mrs. F. Spitzenberg, \$1.29; E. H. Tompkins, \$1.15; Poughkeepsie Public Schools, \$1.12; J. H. Albert, \$1.10.

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Interest, \$108.28.

Small sales of publications, \$17.43.

Our Dumb Animals

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President,

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor.

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One dollar per year; clubs of five and over, 50 cents. Special price to teachers, 40 cents. Postage free to all parts of the United States.

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Published by the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., is for sale at 45 Milk Street, Boston, at these prices, postpaid:

About the Horse

Black Beauty (English), cloth, 20 cents	paper	9 cts.
Italian	paper	20 cts.
French or Modern Greek	paper	25 cts.
Spanish	paper	10 cts.
Humane Horse Book, 32 pp., 2 cents each, or \$2.00 per 100		
The Horse—Treatment of Sores, Diseases, etc.		.60 "
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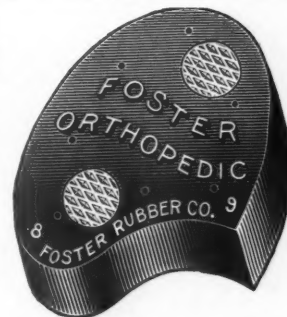
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